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THE DAILY CARMELITE

VOL. IV NO. 21-3 CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA: MONDAY, JULY 13, 1931 OFFICIAL PAPER 3c

ON PAPER WINGS

Exclusive in The Daily Carmelite

by . . . FREDERICK O'BRIEN

THE Tom Mooney defense is urging a boycott of California fruits to point to California's shame. Say it, with oranges, —from Florida.

¶ ¶

IN the S. F. Chronicle, many letter writers denounce Will Rogers as a defamer of the Great, and, especially, as being a Democrat. Some day, the Republican campaign committee will attack him.

¶ ¶

A titled European lady came to see me, and we talked.

She—I was at the Tanforan horse races. The Getaway stakes, and the most money, were won by Alexander Pantages, with a horse of the same name.

Me—Isn't that the Hollywood magnate who is under indictment for caressing girls under legal age?

She—Yes, the old Greek fool! Ht has millions. If he wants to indulge such an idiosyncrasy, such a fantasy, why doesn't he go to Austria, France, or Italy, or any of the Balkan countries? There, no law will bother him, for blackmail is not encouraged by lawyers and courts. And there are so many poor girls, money buys anything, without morals or laws bothering a rich man.

Me—Is that good? How about the girls? Do they not suffer?

She—My dear boy, girls who meet the Pantages sort of men are working for syndicates, and are not lily maids. They are, what you call, golddiggers.

Me—Poor Pantages! A Greek waiter and gambler, poverty stricken, makes millions by hard work and cunning and luck, by the usual ways those amusement purveyors make millions. His wife kills someone in an auto, and goes to prison for a while. Now, he is twice arrested for beastly conduct. Only his horse wins honors.

She—Maybe, he's not guilty. Those syndicates, maquereaux from Europe, they pounce on any rich man, and put up jobs to fleece him. Hollywood reeks with that stuff. Fifty men and women have been held up by blackmail in two years, and have lost millions. Small papers prey on them too.

Concluded on last page

Carmel Gets First American Presentation of vanDieren's Sixth Quartet

By MARY LINDSAY-OLIVER

When a new work of importance is first presented, it requires careful consideration in the selection of the right type of audience. Innovations—particularly in music—are not welcomed as a rule by the general public. A certain percentage of people with the more highly developed receptive faculties must be of that audience, or those who are *au fait* with the type of subject in question.

On Tuesday evening, Carmel is to be paid one of the highest compliments that a group of international artists can bestow. The Brosa Quartette has chosen to present for the first time in America the quartet by vanDieren which they gave last season in London. Not in New York, Washington, Chicago, Philadelphia or Los Angeles did they feel they could give this work, but after the first concert here they spoke of it, and Mr. Brosa decided that, while he had not expected to give it at all, he felt the Carmel audiences would be interested in the extremely advanced and different writing of a modern genius of divers accomplishments. This event, therefore, constitutes an important and significant outcome of Carmel's Summer Festival of Music.

VanDieren, who is living in London, is of Dutch background and about forty-six years old. He has written many songs, piano works, one or two operas. His best known works are his six quartets for strings, the fifth of which is dedicated to the Brosas. It is the sixth and most recent, however, that is to be given on Tuesday.

A student of life at many angles—for van Dieren is a diffused genius as a radio expert, a book-binder whose workmanship is the admiration of connoisseurs, a one-time violinist and an actor who has played Christ with great facility—his versatility would seem to express the types which today are giving the world the value of their scientific synthesis of understanding. He is supposed to have visualized in his Number Six quartet, Life as a Wheel within which an inner wheel revolves—the outer and inner life revolving separately as well as interwoven. It is said to be a tonal picture of mechanism, but with a deep philosophy back of it, and constitutes not only a strange contribution quartet literature, but may be termed the last word in quartet writing. Van Dieren is a close friend of Epstein, the English sculptor, on whom he has written a book to throw light upon Epstein and his sculpture, which the London populace does not understand, and even resents.

* * *

There is an amusing comment in light verse by "Luao" in a recent number of the "Manchester Guardian." He couples Einstein and Epstein after reports that Relativity had now been revised as the "Unified Field," suggesting that Epstein might likewise transform! The first and last verses run thus:

Two lads of noted power and pep
Were Albert Ein. and Jacob Ep.
A pair of most distinguished Steins
Pursuing widely famous lines.

. . .

Be of good cheer, a change may come
To strike the whole of Chelsea dumb
If Brother Ein. can change his step
Well, what about it, Master Ep?

All of which sound quite irrevalent to the subject of vanDieren! Nevertheless, this "Stein Song," as Lucio calls it, has back of it, the analogy to be found among the type of thinkers of which vanDieren apparently is a representative in his music.

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THE YOUNGER GENERATION ON ART AND ARTISTS

By JOE SCHOENINGER

Mentioning no names, I will tell of an interesting discussion, or rather argument, on what art is and the advantages and qualities of the two different types: the so-called modern and the more realistic type. It would be almost impossible to state the argument at length, as there was much repetition (as there is in every argument that is concocted on the spur of the moment) and beating around the bush, but I will try to tell the more important arguments on both sides.

One interesting thing about it was the way the sides were divided. There were two people arguing for the so-called modernistic art, and one person sat politely through it and did not care enough about it to comment. These proportions are quite accurate, at least in America, and perhaps all over the world. The reason one would doubt the proportions might be because of only one person representing the population that does not care either way, but almost every person, at some time or another, has expressed in some way his preference.

If you can remember, there was an interesting talk at the Girl Scout house quite a while ago by a man who impressed very much the person who argued for modern art. He proved that it wasn't really modern art, as the old masters used design in their painting a great deal, to make the subject more interesting or appealing to the eye. So the person for the so-called modern art maintained that it was not new, that a person could not get anything to resemble nature correctly and still have it beautiful, and that when modern art was employed, it gave the artist a chance to express his own ideas, to his own thought, *not* to copy something that he could not do correctly and that had nothing to do with his own ideas. For after all, one should try to express his own thought and not be so un-original as to copy something right out of natures book.

The two people opposing the above argument started that there was no real use in an artist painting something that perhaps no one but himself could understand. Also that an artist could not paint true to nature, but he could try to imitate it as best he could, and that the artist could have the feeling that he had done to the utmost of his ability. They admitted that a painter should have some design, that the artist should, however, limit himself to do the painting half way; do it true to nature, but also put a little of his own idea in it, and that there was nothing like a painting to give the onlooker inspiration.

As we had argued almost an hour we quit and all sides still had their own ideas on art.

Personalia EDITED BY S. L. H.

Mrs. W C. Woodreff and daughter, Georgie Chalmers, have returned to their home in Crockett, California, after spending to months at La Playa. Miss Chalmers took the part of "Maria" in the Studio Theatre's recent production of "Karl and Anna."

——

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kittle and Mr. and Mrrs. B. H. Diblee of Ross, California leave La Playa today after a ten-day stay. New arrivals at the hotel include Dr. and Mrs. H. Alderson and daughter, Jane, of San Francisco.

——

Willian and John Barlow (Berkeley) spent the week-end in Carmel with their aunts, the Misses Alice and Louise Newitt, who have taken Cragmore cottage for the summer.

——

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Gale (Hollyood) are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles MacGrath for a week.

——

Miss Kathleen Parlow, who will be heard in recital at the Denny-Wartous Gallery this week-end, held a reception at home in San Francisco Saturday evening in honor of the Brosa Quartette.

——

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell and their two children, Phyllis and Howland, who have been at their ranch in Carmel Valley, sailed Saturday on the "Malolo" for Honolulu, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan.

——

Allen Stewart has arrived from Tuscon to join Mrs. Stewat and her sisters, the Misses Betty and June Norvell, at their house in Hatton Fields.

——

Mr. and R. W. Eastlick (Pasadena) are spending several days at Pine Inn.

NOTHING DOING

Contrasted with the holiday aspects of the previous week-end, Carmel was a deserted village yesterday. Aside from the movies, there were no offerings at the local theatres, no concerts, no public debates. The weather was not conducive to beach parties, heading off scandal from that quarter. All in all it was a slim week-end, which for a strictly local newspaper, means a slim Monday edition.

THE DAILY CARMELITE

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J. A. COUGHLIN ..... *Editor and Publisher*
SALLIE LAWRENCE HUNTER..... *Associate Editor*
A. R. GLYDE..... *Business Manager*

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Carmel Day by Day

By THE GADFLY

Up and anon. Thoughts while meandering. Sunday morning and the village under the spell of a Sleepy Hollow. The morning after and some show it. Flannels and white shirts in evidence; some could be washed. Why doll up here? Who cares? Few merchants preparing for the gullible; others for the gastronomically inclined. How many more chow-houses will open here? If you don't know what to do, open one—a vocational solution.

Natives and some foreigners lurking about our avenues, window-shopping. Some Rolls-Royce yearnings with an Austin pocketbook. Undue rushing to periodical shops for the Sunday editions. Anything to kill time. Chief of Police objurgating youth for parading in bathing suit near postoffice. Are we getting prudish or what?

The beach looking like *a la* Santa Cruz sea-shore. Some just must show the city folks their tan. Most males with no uppers. Are we trying to ape the members of the German Nude Bathing, Inc.? What a difference clothes make to most humans. Will the next rage be physical culture? Necessity is the mother, you know, of ————. Draw your own conclusions. I can't be bothered.

Traffic congested at beach terminal. Where is the traffic manipulator? Do the natives here pay taxes for nothing? Harsh comments from irated motorists. (For Gadfly's information, the "traffic manipulator"—Officer Guth—has been on sick leave.)

Again the sun sinks somehere yonder near Cypress Point. Night opes with its Carmelish revelry—to the movies; listening to static on a rented set or finishing up the scandal sheet of the hebdomadal edition, or am I telling the whole story? Will see you anon.

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FAREWELL TO KINO BAY

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

In order thoroughly to convince Daily Carmelite readers that Kino Bay and environs are not a figment of mortal mind but instead a most definite part of *terra cotta*, we wish to announce that we intend soon to transfer our tireless activities and transcendental abilities to our new Costa Rica Hacienda. We have given old Jim Blevins, our pardner, a down payment of fifty dollars which will take us ten weeks to eat out so we might as well get started. So following this look for Costa Rica, instead of Kino Bay, notes. Naturally, being a thriving center, consisting of Jim and his *peons*, and of us when we get there, Costa Rica has all modern embellishments like Technical Laboratories, broadcasting stations, police stations, traffic lights and floating indebtedness. Also Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, Rotary, Kiwanis and Coyote Clubs. So there will be no end of news including the story of the gent that tried to open a night club only to find it was legal. And the lad who spent three years getting rid of halitosis only to find he was unpopular anyway. Professor Nadab P. Doosleberry is in charge of the Costa Rica Laboratories. Also of the observatory, which is making epochal discoveries in astronomy. Last week he discovered that Saturn has three rings instead of two, and a circus going on in each. But our main object at Casta Rica will be a Noble Experiment—this time, we hope, one that will work. It will be to provide as much work as possible and as much food as possible for as many people as possible. Money will be no object. Or the object will be no money. As you like. Not that we intend to abolish money. That matter is in the able hands of Wall Street which is doing a splendid job of it. We have no theories of government or of life except one—that a lot of decent people can get along all right if they'll use sense and play fair. We don't like national grandeur, we loathe work and we abominate efficiency. So we're going to get a lot of folks together and raise corn and beans and flour and cows and hogs and hens and vegetable and things. After we have all et, we're going to take what's left to Hermosillo and swap it for cigarattes and pants and *tequila* and other necessities of life. Then we'll go home again. That's all there is to it. Except that, if we happen to get a little extra money, we will build some *suhauro jacals*, which are little shacks made out of cactus poles and raw hide and 'dobe mud. These will be luxuriously furnished with a cot, a chair, a table, a wash stand and a pitcher. There will be running water when it rains, if the roof leaks. There will be baths. Every Saturday night an obliging friend will promise not to look and pour a bucket of water over you. You will eat in a *suhauro* mess hall where simple but wholesome food, consisting mostly of *frijoles*, *tortillas*, milk and fresh vegetables, will be handed you on the wrong side by smiling maids. There will be an equally smiling horse, who doesn't know a curry comb from a mouth organ, to carry you through miles of the most lovely horizontal and vertical scenery you ever saw. And for all this we ask that you have a good time and kick in twelve dollars every Saturday night. If you haven't the twelve, you can owe it to us. Naturally we reserve the right to exclude all objectionable people like millionaires, exporters, importers, chain stors proprietors, contract bridge teachers, bootleggers, bank presidents, automobile manufacturers, high power salesmen, machine makers and Reds, Whites and Blues. We have no radio or telephone. A lot of the time you'll have to wait on yourself and it will do you good. We aren't ready for anybody yet but we hope to be some day. Our address is Costa Rica Ranch, near Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico. The way to get here is to go to Tucson (pronounced Tucson) Arizona and change for Negales.

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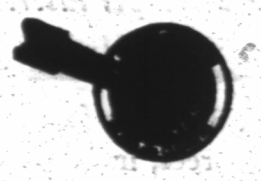

Telephone
2 4 2
DOLORES NEAR OCEAN CARMEL

O'BRIEN

from page one

Me—What can be done?

She—Do not pity them. They are a heartless, crude set.

ʃ ʃ

I saw Norma Shearer in *Free Soul*. She has lost looks, voice, style, in three years of Hollywood queendom. She is married to the great MGM kink, Isaac Thalberger. Lionel Barrymore, a superb actor, is in the piece. The piece is onion juice. I wasted a dollar, but the squawkies won't catch me soon, again.

ʃ ʃ

Me—How's everything?

He—Rotten. Caterpillar!

Me—How come? I had my oak trees sprinkled. The young leaves are eaten, but I hope for a new crop.

He—Trees! Are you kidding me? I mean that Caterpillar pool. I'm sunk.

Me—You got me! Swimming?

He—Listen, Caterpillar Tractor stock! I bought it a couple months ago at fifty. My broker said it would go to sixty. It's below twenty-four. I'm sunk.

Me—How come? Broker lie?

He—A pool or gang took it at twenty-seven, spread rumors, lied, said Boulder Dam would make it a fortune. Then they sold out at fifty. I bought. I'm out twenty-seven a share.

Me—Do as I did. I got the poison-sprinkler man when caterpillars were going up, and it looked bad. My caterpillars are all gone. Why not try a garden instead of a gambling hell?

He—You make me sick. My Caterpillars will all be gone, too. I fear. I'm keeping 'em by a narrow margin. Trees! Where do you get that garden truck!

PARLOW-TILLY RECITALS

By DENE DENNY

Someone asked me the question: "Why should I hear Kathleen Parlow and Margaret Tilly play? (They appear in a program of violin-piano sonatas at the Gallery next Saturday evening.) Is it important for me to hear them? Should I cancel another engagement, or leave my fireside, my card game, miss a good movie, or perhaps go without something else—just to hear some music? Is it that important?"

Yes, it is important. Not because Kathleen Parlow is ranked as the foremost woman violinist today ("A violinst of Fritz Kreisler's rank"); not because Margaret Tilly is a pianist of undeniable musicianship and highly gifted—not for these reasons especially.

It is important, however, to hear the genuine thing. There are virtuosos, and there are musicians. Sometimes there are virtuosos who are musicians in the fullest sense of that word. Kathleen Parlow is one of these. She is the solid musician, mature and experienced. She is a scholar, with all the great literature of the violin at her command. But much more than this, she is a woman who has gone sufficiently outside of her subject have a point of view and a contact with world affairs which gives her an understanding and depth to her music that does not come from practice and talent alone.

Parlow is to the violin what Myra Hess is to the piano. A serious thoughtfulness and the touch of humor that comes from seeing all around a subject make of Parlow's playing something that no one can afford to miss. Add to this the excellence of Margaret Tilly's playing and the significant music on the programs and—who that loves real music could stay away? Saturday evening's program embraces the Brahms D Minor, the Mozart D Major No. 3, and Cesar Franck. The last, with its mystic fervor, its gay tenderness and powerful climax, is a fine vehicle for the two artists.

Yes, it is important to hear Parlow and Tilly, because they offer music in the real sense of the word played by genuine musicians. That is always important.

"Miss Parlow needs no introduction to New York music lovers. She is well known as a genuine artist, who plays with adequate technique, with vital tone and with fine intelligence. Her playing should have been a lesson to the numerous violin students in the hall in delicacy of nuance, warmth and mellowness of tone, and exquisite appreciation of melodic line."—W. J. Henderson in the New York "Sun."

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